

TRIUMPH COMICS

COMICS • 64 PAGES OF EXCITEMENT



FOLLOW
THE
THRILLING
ADVENTURES
OF
BUDDY

**SPEED
SAVAGE**



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TRIUMPH

Triumph Comics

10¢

No. 8

COMICS • 64 PAGES OF EXCITEMENT

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TANG



CAPT.
WONDER

FOLLOW
THE
THRILLING
ADVENTURES
OF
"BUDDY"



SPEED
SAVAGE

BEGINNING

NELVANA OF THE
NORTHERN LIGHT
IN THE
FROZEN WORLD
OF GLACIA

IT'S NOT A STATUE
...IT'S HUMAN



GERMAN CITIES, WITHIN EASY RANGE OF BRITISH FIGHTERS AND BOMBERS DROP 'BEAUTIFUL' TWO TON BOMBS AS DESCRIBED BY R.A.F AND R.C.A.F PILOTS ON THE DARING RAIDS OF GERMANY'S INDUSTRIAL CITIES — BELOW ARE THE TYPES OF AIRCRAFT WHICH TOOK PART IN THE SPECTACULAR RAIDS.

SPITFIRE

MAX. SPEED - 367 M.P.H.
RANGE - 600 MILES

BEAUFIGHTER

MAX. SPEED - AROUND
380 M.P.H.
RANGE - 1500 MILES

STERLING BOMBER

MAX. SPEED - CENSORED
RANGE - 3000 MILES
POWERED WITH FOUR
1,400 HORSE POWERED
MOTORS

BLLENHEIM MK IV F

MAX. SPEED - 295 M.P.H.
RANGE - 1900 MILES

WELLINGTON

MAX. SPEED - 265 M.P.H.
RANGE - 3200 MILES

AL COOPER

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A BRAND
NEW, THRILLING,
CHILLING,
ADVENTURE!

NELVANA

of the NORTHERN LIGHTS

IN THE STRANGE
FROZEN WORLD
of GLACIA

CHAPT. ONE
"LAND OF
FROZEN LIFE."

Written and Illustrated
by
ADRIAN DINGLE



THE BEAUTIFUL UNDULATING PATTERN OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS SHIMMER OVER THE ICE-FIELDS... IF YOU WERE TO WATCH CLOSELY, ON THIS OCCASION, YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN THE FIGURE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN CONVERSATION WITH A VAGUE, ETHERAL FORM...



NELVANA, AND HER FATHER, KOLIAK, MIGHTY KING OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS, ARE TALKING.

DAUGHTER, THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD ARE WAR-WEARY AND REACHING OUT FOR THE SECRET OF UNDYING LIFE, WHICH HAS BEEN BURIED BENEATH THE ARCTIC SNOWS FOR FIVE MILLION YEARS...



THEY DO NOT REALIZE THAT THERE EXISTS A LIVING UNIVERSE OF "GLACIA"!... WAITING FOR THE HEAT FROM THE SPILLED BLOOD OF MILLIONS TO SLOWLY MELT THE ICY SEAL AND REVEAL THE SECRET OF UNDYING LIFE.



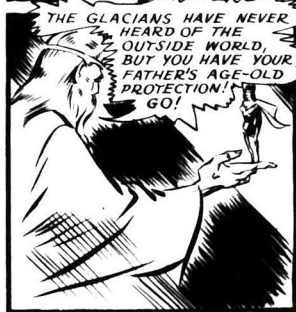
BUT, MIGHTY FATHER, WHY HAVE YOU NOT TOLD ME OF THIS SECRET THAT LIES BENEATH THE ARCTIC ICE?



BECAUSE, CHILD, THE WORLD WAS NOT READY TO RECEIVE IT, BUT NOW A VAST CREVASSE IS FORMING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE MILLION YEARS, DIRECTLY BENEATH THE LIFE GIVING POLE-STAR.



THE GLACIANS HAVE NEVER HEARD OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD, BUT YOU HAVE YOUR FATHER'S AGE-OLD PROTECTION! GO!



NELVANA TURNS AND WAVES ONE LAST FAREWELL TO HER FATHER, THEN DISAPPEARS TOWARD THE NORTH.

I GO, TO BRING PEACE TO THE WORLD.



ON HER NORTHWARD JOURNEY, NELVANA ENCOUNTERS A RAGING BLIZZARD WHICH WARNS HER THAT SHE IS APPROACHING THE POLAR REGION.

AH... AHEAD I SEE THE GIANT CREVASSE, NOW MY ADVENTURE BEGINS!



NELVANA ALIGHTS ON THE EDGE OF THE GIANT CHASM.

HUNDREDS OF MILES BELOW LIES MY DESTINATION... I'M... I...



BEFORE SHE HAS A CHANCE TO COMPLETE HER THOUGHTS, THE BIFYING GALE SWEEPS NELVANA INTO THE CREVASSE

I'M FALLING... DOWN... DOWN... DOWN...



WITH A TREMENDOUS ROAR,
THE CLIFFS OF ICE SHAKE
AND CRUMBLE!



THE SILENCE IS
DEAFENING, I
WONDER HOW FAR
I'VE FALLEN?



W-WHY, THERE'S
NOTHING BUT A
CEILING OF ICE!
I'M TRAPPED!

FAR BELOW,
NELVANA'S
CLUTCHING
FINGERS
FIND A LEDGE
OF ICE.



NELVANA COULD
DESCEND TO THE
ADVENTURES BELOW,
BUT TO RETURN BY
THE WAY SHE HAD
COME, WAS IMPOSS-
-IBLE!

KOLIAK'S LIGHT RAY
REMAINED TO PROTECT
HER, AND THE WARMTH
OF IT WAS MELTING THE ICE
AROUND HER FEET, WHICH BEGAN
SLOWLY TO HEAVE,... AND A SOUND
OF **BREATHING**.. BECAME..LOUDER..





THE ICE HAS
GONE AND I--
I'M STANDING
ON L-LIVING
FLESH!



SOME GREAT
MONSTER OF
PAST IS COMING
TO LIFE... OH-H



THE LONGER I REMAIN,
THE MORE ALIVE THIS
HORROR WILL BECOME!



I MUST GO ON--
..CAN'T STAY HERE--
NOW IF ONLY HE
DOESN'T SEE ME, I'LL--



KOLIAK'S RAY SEEMED TO
HAVE AN AWAKENING EFFECT
ON THIS MONSTER, PETRIFIED
AND PRESERVED SINCE THE
ICE AGE.



...JUMP!

MILES AND MILES DOWN,
NELVANA COULD SEE HIDEOUS
SHAPES THROUGH THE ICE.

WHAT GHASTLY
NIGHTMARE OF
THE ICE AGE
MIGHT THESE
BE? -- I SEE
LIGHT AHEAD!

A GROTESQUE
GATEWAY!.. THAT'S
WHERE THE LIGHT
COMES FROM!

AFTER PASSING THROUGH
THE IMMENSE DOOR,
NELVANA GASPS IN
WONDERMENT!

A PHOSPHORESCENT GLOW
BATHED THE SURROUNDINGS
IN PRISMATIC LIGHTS OF
RAINBOW COLOURS!

SHE FINDS HERSELF STAND-
ING IN A GIGANTIC COURT-
YARD IN THE SHAPE OF A
PERFECT CIRCLE . . . AND
THE ICE MELTS AROUND HER

THIS MUST BE A VAST
AMPHI-THEATRE, BUILT
PERHAPS, FOR SOME
FORM OF GLACIAN
SPORT!

THE SILENCE IS BROKEN
BY A DEAFENING ROAR,
MILES ABOVE THE COURT-
YARD.

THE TERRIFIC VIBRATION
CREATES A CONCUSSION
WHICH FLINGS MELVANA
VIOLENTLY TO THE FLOOR.

IT'S GETTING
DARK... BUT
WHERE DID
THE LIGHT
COME FROM?





FAR BELOW THE IMMENSE GLASS FLOOR, LIES A VAST PATTERN OF TORPEDO-SHAPED BUILDINGS; HONEY-COMB WEAVE OF GROTESQUE AERIAL ROADWAYS, AND PLATFORMS ENCIRCLING THE GIANT TOWERS IN MODERNISTIC STYLE.

I MUST GET DOWN INTO
THE CITY BELOW!...
... IS THAT A DOORWAY
I SEE?



OUTSIDE THE DOOR, THE
DAUGHTER OF THE NORTHERN
LIGHTS LOOKS BACK AT THE
AMAZING ARCHITECTURE.

ANOTHER GROTESQUE
HEAD... RATHER
RESEMBLES AN
ANCIENT DEATH
MASK!



BUT WHY SHOULD THERE
BE SUCH A THING AS A
DEATH MASK IN THE LAND
OF UNDYING LIFE?



HOW STILL AND
QUIET LIES
THE CITY BEFORE
ME!



LITTLE DOES NELVANA KNOW.
THAT AT THIS VERY MOMENT,
LIFE IS RETURNING TO THE
WORLD OF SILENCE.

I WONDER WHY THE
ENORMOUS BUILDINGS ARE
ALL ROOFED IN THE SAME
MYSTERIOUS MANNER?



I WONDER WHAT THE
GLACIANS THEMSELVES
LOOK LIKE?



AS MELVANA STEPS BACK TO INCREASE HER VIEW OF THE CITY'S SPLENDOR, SHE BUMPS INTO SOMETHING . . .

OOF-- A **STATUE!**
IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE STREET!
... QUEER!



IT IS INDEED A
MOST REALISTIC
WORK OF ART!

BUT, THROUGH THE GREAT
GLASS DOME, THE POLE
STAR GLEAMS WITH THE
MAGNIFIED STRENGTH OF A
HUGE SUN.

THE ICE IS
MELTING---
IT'S NOT A
STATUE, IT'S
HUMAN FLESH!



CLOUDS OF STEAM ENSHROUD
THE FIGURE, AND FOR A
FEW MOMENTS, IT IS RENDERED
INVISIBLE... THEN . . .

IT'S BREATHING!
IT'S ALIVE!



THE FIGURE GASPS FOR
BREATH, AND SUPPORTS
ITSELF AGAINST THE WALL.



WHO ARE
YOU?

I'M NELVANA
OF THE NORTH-
ERN LIGHTS ---
FROM THE
WORLD ABOVE.



YOUR WORDS OF DRIVEL
MEAN NOTHING TO THIS ONE!
BUT YOU ARE INDEED A
STRANGER!... WHERE IS
MY FATHER... MUST FIND...



AS THOUGH HE HAD BUT ONE
THOUGHT IN MIND, THE STRANGER
GLIDES AWAY AT INCREDIBLE
SPEED, ON A SMALL, MOVING PLAT-
FORM.

TARGA IS
COMING,
FATHER, I'LL
SAVE YOU!



NELVANA FOLLOWS HER
NEW DISCOVERY, UNTIL
THEY ARE CONFRONTED
BY AN APPALLING SIGHT.

HOW
HORRIBLE!



THERE, BEFORE THEM, STANDS A COLOSSAL, HAIRY MONSTER, CLUTCHING A HUMAN FIGURE IN ITS UGLY, FROZEN CLAW.



DON'T SHOOT, FOOL... WOULD IT NOT BE BEST TO RESCUE YOUR FATHER, WHILE THE BRUTE IS STILL FROZEN?

TARGA LEVELS A STRANGE WEAPON AT THE BEAST, BUT HEEDS NELVANA'S WARNING!



JUST AS TARGA REACHES THE BODY OF HIS FATHER, THE PETRIFIED JAWS OF THE MONSTER BEGIN SLOWLY, TO OPEN... WIDER AND WIDER!



LIFE IS RETURNING TO THE FROZEN WORLD OF GLACIA!

NELVANA'S WORDS TRANSFORM TARGA INTO A FIGURE OF AMAZING ACTION AS HE STARTS TO CLIMB THE BEAST'S GIGANTIC, HAIRY LEG.

★ WHAT TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE IS BEING BROUGHT TO LIFE, MILES BELOW THE ARCTIC ICE?

FIVE MILLION YEARS HAS MEANT NO MORE THAN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE TO THIS MYSTERIOUS LAND OF **FROZEN LIFE!**

WHO IS TARGA? HAS HE, TOO, BEEN IN A STATE OF FROZEN SLEEP, WHILE THE WORLD, AS WE KNOW IT, WAS BEING FORMED?

DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S GRIPPING DRAMA, WHEN WE SHALL SEE NELVANA AND TARGA IN A BATTLE WITH

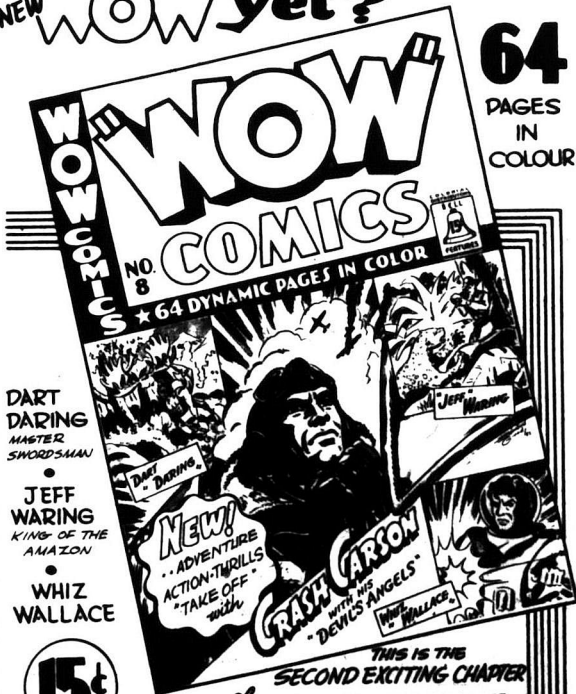
"THE DREADED MAMMOTH MEN!"



MISS SMITH, ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY IS, "WESTERN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE," YOU DON'T HAVE TO YELL YIPEEE!"

Did you get your
NEW **WOW** yet?

64
PAGES
IN
COLOUR



DART DARING
MASTER
SWORDSMAN

JEFF WARING
KING OF THE
AMAZON

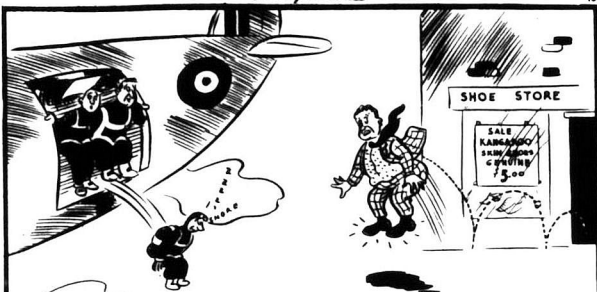
WHIZ WALLACE

15¢

AT ANY
NEWSTAND

THIS IS THE
SECOND EXCITING CHAPTER
CRASH CARSON

and
TANK MULLIGAN OF THE
DEVIL'S ANGEL SQUADRON R.A.F.



"POOR JENKINS, EVERY TIME STARTS COUNTING, HE THINKS OF SHEEP!"



A PAGE OF CASH-PRIZE-WINNING JOKES

FIRST BOY: DO YOU
SPEAK TO GIRLS
YOU DON'T KNOW?

SECOND BOY: SURE,
THE ONES I KNOW
WON'T SPEAK TO ME

SCOUT MASTER: YOU
WILL NOW GIVE THE
CALL OF THE WOLF.

BOYS, IN CHORUS: TWEET
TWEET.

JIM WRIGHT
TORONTO.

LIEUTENANT: WHO WAS
THE FIRST AVIATOR?

PRIVATE: WAS IT
COLOMBUS?

LIEUTENANT: NO!
PRIVATE: YOU ASKED
ME WHO THE FIRST
AVIATOR WAS, IS THAT
RIGHT?

LIEUTENANT: YES IT
WAS WRIGHT!

NO NAME
ENCLOSED



"MY BOY," SAID A GENTLEMAN,
"WHY DO YOU CARRY THAT
UMBRELLA OVER YOUR HEAD?
IT'S NOT RAINING."

"NO."
"AND THE SUN IS NOT SHINING."
"NO"

"THEN WHY DO YOU CARRY IT?"
"CAUSE WHEN IT RAINS, FATHER
WANTS IT, WHEN THE SUN
SHINES, MOTHER HAS IT—
AND THIS IS THE ONLY KIND
OF WEATHER THAT I CAN GET
TO USE IT AT ALL!"

JOE: BOTHER IT, I LEFT MY
WATCH UPSTAIRS ON THE
DRESSER.

MOE: DON'T WORRY, JUST
STAND AND WAIT FOR IT.....
IT'LL RUN DOWN FOR YOU!

JOHN JOHNSTON,
TORONTO.

ROSES ARE RED,
VIOLETS ARE BLUE,
RAIN ON THE ROOF,
REMINDS ME OF YOU,
DRIP, DRIP, DRIP!

BILL SINKINS,
TORONTO.

JACK: I DRINK A
GLASS OF HOT
WATER, EVERY
MORNING.

JOE: SO DO I,
ONLY MY WIFE
CALLS IT TEA.

GROOM: DID YOUR
GIRL FRIENDS
ADMIRE THE
WEDDING RING?
BRIDE: YES, AND
TWO RECOGNIZED
IT!

EDA FRANCES CHINI,
SOUTH PORCUPINE.



WHAT WOULD YOU
CALL A RED-SKIN-
NED HITCH-HIKER?
INDIAN THUMMER!



LISHER: HOW FAR
DOWN DO YOU WISH
TO SIT, LADY?
LADY: ALL THE WAY,
OF COURSE!

HARRY OSHANSKI,
MIDDLEBURGH,

BOSS: HOW DID YOU HAPPEN
TO OVERSLEEP THIS MORN-
ING?

OFFICE BOY: THERE WERE
EIGHT OF US IN THE
HOUSE AND THE ALARM
WAS SET FOR SEVEN.

JOSEPH CLARK,
BRANTFORD.

DOWN THE TRACK, THE THREE MEN RAN FOR IT.
TWO OF THEM MADE IT AND ONE MISSED, SO
HE SAT DOWN, AND LAUGHED, AND LAUGHED.
THE DORTER CAME AND ASKED HIM WHY HE
WAS LAUGHING; AND HE ANSWERED,
"THOSE TWO GUYS CAME DOWN TO SEE ME OFF!"

FRANK HAWKARD,
TORONTO.

THREE MEN WENT DOWN TO
CATCH A TRAIN, WHEN THEY
ARRIVED AT THE STATION, THE
TRAIN HADN'T ARRIVED, SO
THEY WENT AND HAD A DRINK.
WHEN THEY CAME OUT AGAIN,
STILL NO TRAIN. BUT WHEN
THEY CAME OUT THE THIRD
TIME, THE TRAIN HAD STARTED
AND WAS A LITTLE WAY
DOWN THE TRACK, THE THREE MEN RAN FOR IT.

SPEED SAVAGE

Written and illustrated by

— T. A. STEE —

"**SPEED**" SAVAGE, A NAME THAT IS KNOWN ALL OVER NORTH AMERICA, AND YET ONLY A FEW TRUSTED FRIENDS KNOW THE SECRET OF THIS FAMOUS ATHLETE. FOR

"**SPEED**" IS IN REALITY, THE DREADED "**WHITE MASK**" SILENT AVENGER OF THE UNDERWORLD.

FEARED AND HATED BY CRIMINALS AND BLAMED AND HUNTED FOR MANY CRIMES BY THE LAW.

"**SPEED**" HAS GAINED A REPUTATION AS AN ACE CRIMINOLOGIST AND PRIVATE DETECTIVE AND IT IS ONLY WHEN RED TAPE MUST BE CUT AND THE CRIMINAL FOUGHT IN HIS OWN WAY, THAT "**SPEED**" ASSUMES THE ROLE OF THE **WHITE MASK**...

THIS MONTH'S STORY
"**SPEED**" AND HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT
VERONICA LONE, TAKE A
WELL DESERVED HOLIDAY AT
PINE LAKE, ONLY TO FIND
THEY HAVE TAKEN A ...



VACATION WITH DEATH

WELL RONNIE I GUESS WE'RE READY TO SHOVE OFF. I HOPE WE CAN MAKE IT, WITH ALL THOSE CLOTHES YOU'VE GOT PACKED IN THAT TRUNK!



SPEED SAVAGE RECEIVES AN INVITATION TO ENTER HIS MOTOR BOAT "BLACK FURY" IN THE ANNUAL SUMMER SPORTS REGATTA AT PINE LAKE THE CANADIAN SUMMER SPORTS CENTRE. SPEED SHIPS HIS BOAT UP TO THE RESORT BY RAIL....

A FEW MORE MILES AND WE'LL BE THERE SPEED. I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT WE'RE ACTUALLY GOING TO HAVE A WHOLE WEEK'S VACATION AWAY FROM GUNS AND POLICE AND CRIME IN GENERAL!



AND HE AND HIS ASSISTANT VERONICA LONE, SET OUT IN SPEED'S HI-POWER ROADSTER. THE POWERFUL CAR ROADS NORTHWARD, THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SIDE.

THIS IS ONE AWFUL ENTRANCE TO A MILLION DOLLAR RESORT!

BUT THAT'S THE WAY THE SIGN POINTS SPEED.



AND FINALLY SPEED NOTES A DIRECTION SIGN AND TURNS OFF THE HIGHWAY ONTO A NARROW ROCKY ROAD. SPEED WONDER WHY SUCH A BIG RESORT AS PINE LAKE WOULD HAVE SUCH A NARROW, ALMOST...

GOOD LORD! I'LL SAY THIS ISN'T THE RIGHT ROAD!



IMPASSABLE ENTRANCE. HIS ROADSTER BUMPS ALONG THE ROCKY ROAD, AND SUDDENLY AS THEY TURN A SHARP BEND, VERONICA SCREAMS IN HORROR AND SPEED JAMS HIS FOOT DOWN ON THE BRAKE!



OH SPEED...
...HOW AWFUL....

AWFUL ISN'T THE
WORD FOR IT RONNIE,
IF I HADN'T CHECKED
THOSE BRAKES BEFORE
WE LEFT.....

THE TIRES SCREAM AS THE CAR
SKIDS TO A STOP... ON THE VERY
EDGE OF A CLIFF. SPEED'S FACE
GROWS STERN AS HE LOOKS AT..
THE TREE-TOPS BELOW

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT THE
FALSE SIGN MR SAUSAGE... THAT'S
ONE OF THE REASONS I INVITED
YOU AND MISS LONE UP TO PINE
LAKE... YOU SEE I HAVE HAD MORE
THAN ONE OF THOSE "ACCIDENTS"
LIKE YOURS!



WHILE VERONICA
TAKES A SHOWER
AFTER THEIR
TIRING TRIP,
SPEED FINDS GLORIA
MASON, THE YOUTH-
FUL OWNER OF PINE
LAKE LODGE AND TELLS
HER OF THEIR NARROW
ESCAPE. SPEED IS SURPRISED
TO HEAR THAT THERE HAVE BEEN.

SPEED BACKS THE CAR UP THE NARROW
ROAD, AND REMOVES THE MISLEADING
SIGN. ON THE HIGH-WAY HE WARNS
A PASSING MOTOR CYCLE POLICE-
MAN ABOUT THE ROAD, AND AFTER
A FEW MINUTES DRIVING, PINE LAKE
COMES INTO VIEW...



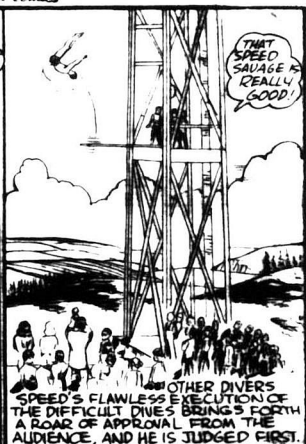
ISN'T IT
BEAUTIFUL
SPEED?

...AND THAT'S THE STORY,
EVER SINCE I OPENED
THE LODGE THIS
SPRING, STRANGE
ACCIDENTS HAVE
HAPPENED.

DON'T WORRY,
AND DON'T
MENTION A THING
TO ANYONE, I'LL
KEEP MY EYES OPEN
FOR ANYTHING
SUSPICIOUS....



OTHER DELIBERATE
ACCIDENTS SOMEONE
IS TRYING TO FORCE GLORIA INTO
CLOSING PINE LAKE LODGE, SPEED,
AFTER A FEW QUESTIONS, ASSURES GLORIA
THAT HE WILL TAKE THE CASE IN HAND.





ROY'S LIMP BODY IS STILL IN THE AIR WHEN SPEED GOES INTO ACTION LEAPING OVER THE SLIPPERY EDGE OF THE PLATFORM, HE SAILS INTO SPACE. FOR A MOMENT HIS RUGGED FORM IS POISED, AND...

THEN HE DROPS OUT AND DOWN TO ENTER THE WATER A FEW FEET FROM WHERE THOMS HAS FALLEN.

GET HOLD OF THE DOCTOR. HE'S BLEEDING PRETTY BADLY!



SPEED RE-APPEARS ON THE SURFACE WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS ROY IN HIS ARMS. WILLING HANDS PULL THE TWO ATHLETES ONTO THE-

YOU ACTED VERY QUICKLY MR. SAVAGE BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR BRAVERY WAS IN VAIN! THIS MAN IS DEAD! FRACTURED SKULL



DOCK A MOMENT LATER THE CAMP DOCTOR ARRIVES. BUT HIS MESSAGE IS A GLOOMY ONE. ROY THOMS, THE PROMISING YOUNG HIGH-DIVER, IS DEAD!

SPEED CLIMBS AGAIN TO THE TOP PLATFORM... AND EXAMINES THE EDGE WHERE ROY THOMS SLIPPED. HE FINDS A THIN COATING OF GREASE SPREAD OVER THE COCO MATTING.

SO! ANOTHER ACCIDENT. THIS TIME IT'S MURDER!



THAT 'ACCIDENT' OF ROY'S WAS A DELIBERATE MURDER. WHO EVER SPREAD THAT GREASE ON THE TOWER MADE A FATAL ERROR!

HOW DO MEAN?



WELL, THE MURDERER, USED A PAIR OF GLOVES TO APPLY THE GREASE... EVIDENTLY HE WAS DISTURBED IN THE ACT, AND PULLED THE GLOVES OFF IN A HURRY, I FOUND THEM IN A CORNER OF THE PLATFORM. THE MURDERER WASN'T WORRIED ABOUT LEAVING A PAIR OF COMMON GLOVES, FOR

THEY COULDN'T BE TRACED... BUT IN PULLING THEM OFF, HIS RING-CAUGHT IN THE INSIDE OF THE GLOVE....



'SPEED' MEETS GLORIA MASON IN HER OFFICE LATER THAT EVENING. SHE SUSPECTS THAT ROY'S DEATH WAS NOT ACCIDENTAL AND SPEED TELLS HER ABOUT THE GREASE, AND, THEN, CAUTIONS HER TO SAY NOTHING ABOUT IT, FOR SPEED HAS

FOUND ACTUALLY THE MURDERER HAS LEFT HIS RING ON THE INSIDE OF HIS GLOVE. SPEED CHECKS THROUGH THE GUEST BOOK AND FINDS THE ONLY SET OF "W.B." INITIALS BELONGING TO WILLIAM BREZLIT. GLORIA TELLS SPEED THAT HE HAS OCCUPIED CABIN 10 SINCE THE OPENING OF THE LODGE



AT THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT.....



...A GRIM FIGURE STANDS OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF CABIN TEN.... SPEED SAVAGE IN THE ROLE OF WHITE MASK!



USING HIS SKELETON KEYS, SPEED, GAINS ENTRANCE TO THE CABIN, ONLY TO FIND IT EMPTY!

SPEED LEAVES THE CABIN, AND HEADS FOR THE BEACH. HE ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO SEE A STEALTHY FIGURE, ENTERING THE BOAT-HOUSE.



SAVAGE SURPRISES BREZLITT IN THE ACT OF SMASHING SPEEDS OWN BOAT "BLACK FURY" ENTERED IN THE BIG RACE THE FOLLOWING DAY!

PUT THAT AXE DOWN BREZLITT!



MISSED!



BREZLITT TURNS AND FLEES OUT OF THE BOAT-HOUSE TOWARDS THE FOREST...

WHEN I CATCH HIM
THE MYSTERY OF
PINE LAKE WILL
BE SOLVED



SPEED RACES THROUGH
THE NIGHT AFTER THE FLEEING
BREZLITT, NOT DARING TO USE HIS
GUNS FOR FEAR OF WAKING THE
INHABITANTS OF PINE LAKE.

BREZLITT AND THE
MASKED ONE MUST DIE!



BREZLITT'S PURSUIT THROUGH THE
WOODS IS WATCHED BY A
GROTESQUE HUNCH-BACKED FIGURE
WHO RAISES A POWERFUL AIR-
RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER...



BREZLITT
SUDDENLY
STOPS AND
CLUTCHES HIS THROAT. A COUGING
STRANGLING SCREAM IS FORCED FROM
HIS LIPS, AND HE SLUMPS TO THE...

GROUND. SPEED, SEES THE GUN
FLASH IN THE MOONLIGHT AND
SNAPS A SHOT IN ITS DIRECTION!



CURSE THAT
MEDDLING WHITE
MASKED WRETCH!
HE SHOOTS TOO
STRAIGHT!

SPEED'S BULLET BURIES ITSELF
IN THE TRUNK OF THE TREE, AND
THE HUNCHBACK, CURSING IN FEAR,
TURNS HURRIEDLY AND IS SOON
SWALLOWED UP IN THE FOREST GLOOM

DEAD! A
POISONED
DART IN
THE
THROAT!

REALIZING THAT PURSUIT
INTO THE DENSE FOREST, AFTER
THE HUNCHBACK WOULD BE
USELESS, SPEED TURNS HIS
ATTENTION TO BREZLITT, WHO LIES
DEAD... A DART PROTRUDING FROM

...HIS THROAT. SPEED REMOVES HIS
WHITEMASK DISGUISE AND GARRIES
HIM BACK TO THE LODGE. A FEW
MINUTES LATER, SPEED ROARS TO
WARD A NEIGHBOURING TOWN WITH
BREZLITT'S CORPSE ON THE SEAT
BESIDE HIM.

I'D
BETTER LET
THE POLICE
IN ON THIS!

VERY WELL MR. SAVAGE,
IN VIEW OF THE SITUATION,
WE'LL LEAVE THE CASE IN
YOUR HANDS!

THANK
YOU, SIR!

AT THE POLICE
STATION SPEED
SHOWS HIS CREDENTIALS AND REPORTS
MURDER. HE PERSUADES THE POLICE ONLY
TO LET HIM HANDLE THE STRANGE CASE
ALONE.



IT IS THE FOLLOWING DAY AND THE PINE LAKE SPEED BOAT RACE, HIGHLIGHT OF THE SUMMER SPORTS REGATTA, IS ABOUT TO BEGIN! SPEED AND VERONICA IN NUMBER 13 - "BLACK FURY" MOVE OUT, WITH THE OTHER BOATS, TO THE STARTING LINE

—SEVEN BOATS ARE ENTERED IN THE RACE, REPRESENTING THE BEST IN RACING CRAFT AND MEN IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES. FROM THE OFFICIALS' BOAT, A PISTOL SHOT RINGS OUT OVER THE WATER AND THE RACE IS ON!



OH SPEED, THIS IS REALLY EXCITING!

I SHOULD'NT HAVE LET RONNIE COME!

VERONICA, RIDING WITH SPEED IN THE "BLACK FURY" IS THRILLED WITH THE RACE BUT SPEED'S FACE IS GRIM, HE KNOWS THAT SOMETIME DURING THE RACE THE HUNCH BACK OF PINE LAKE WILL STRIKE!

SEVEN ROARING SPEED BOATS, SMASHING THEIR WAY THROUGH WATER, IN A HARD FOUGHT RACE, DOES ONE OF THEM HOLD THE MURDEROUS HUNCHBACK?..OR WILL HE STRIKE FROM THE SHORE? YOU'LL FIND OUT IN NEXT MONTH'S ADVENTURE, WITH **'SPEED SAVAGE'** WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

by T.A. STEE/E

APPEARING ONLY IN

TRIUMPH COMICS

ANOTHER SMASH HIT

by T.A. STEE/E

"DIXON OF THE MOUNTED"

APPEARING EVERY MONTH

"ACTIVE COMICS"

DRUMS OF THE LEOPARD MEN

DRUMS OF THE LEOPARD MEN

By Edmond Good

A white man's nightmare of a horror that dwelled in Africa's mysterious jungles

A monotonous rhythm rising from the paddles of my canoe-men was broken by the shrieking of a leopard, somewhere in the black depths of rank jungle growth that lined the river's edge and almost touched overhead. Dense foliage screened the murky fever-infested waters from a searing African sun. The big cat had been following us now for some time. From cramped quarters in the lead dug-out I watched rippling muscles of my sweating blacks as they fearfully quickened their paddle strokes. Behind, my canoe of provisions paced us within a few yards. "Bwana! village now!" Ntuko, my headman, was pointing excitedly up stream. It was almost hidden, but though I couldn't see the usual grass huts I knew they must be there, several dugouts pulled up on the greasy mud bank announced the place as a settlement. The place, according to Ntuko was the object of my search, a gruelling search. It was here I had heard of a "white man" and, according to my calculations, it could be Owen—I wondered if I would ever see him again.

He had dropped from sight two years ago, Cliff Owen had been my room-mate at college, we both wound up working on the same job. Cliff got me the position after he landed with the National Museum. The two of us chased all over together, Huxley our staff boss, teamed us on expeditions because we showed that we could work together. I remember the last one, Cliff was sore about it, I had to finish a job and couldn't join him. He raved and finally went alone



MURRAY
KARN

when they wouldn't release me. It was a perfect job, research in the African interior. Owen said good-bye and then he was gone. I heard from him at intervals, and then it happened. You probably have forgotten when the news broke... "WELL KNOWN GEOLOGIST MISSING." Then later... CLIFTON OWEN BELIEVED DEAD"... he had vanished. The jungle literally swallowed him. A year passed, finally the whole thing wasn't news any more. Then the Museum sent me, at my request, to see what I could do. That was months ago,—I arrived on the coast, and outfitted an expedition. The trek into the African interior was a nightmare, I was lost myself more than once, chasing elusive signs and whispered rumours of "white man" on Cliff's faded and mysterious trail. Ntuko helped me deeper and deeper into the jungle and I followed because I felt that somehow somewhere my friend still lived.

A stray word from a remote wild and sometimes dangerous tribe was all I needed to send me hopefully on. I knew I was on the right track, when one day, I discovered a black in one of the villages wearing a belt, I recognized it because it was one I had given Cliff on his birthday, his initials were engraved on the buckle. The black admitted getting it as a present from a "white Bwana" for some favour. That was all I could get out of the fellow, but it was proof, something real to tell me he was near.



Later, weeks later, I learned that a white stranger was believed to be living in a village further in. It was forbidden territory and my blacks had to be cautioned, almost at gunpoint, to take me in that direction. They rolled their eyes and muttered frightened words about "catmen"—the dreaded Leopard men whose human sacrifices were sometimes torn to bits with claws worn on the hands of the savage blood-crazed devotees of the cult who worshipped the jungle beast and dressed in its spotted hide. They worked themselves into a frenzy which made them believe they could transform themselves into the sinister leopard, to practice horrible mutilation on their crazed enemies. The tribe was feared and shunned by the other blacks and horrible tales made their district taboo.

Ntuko, relying on the magic of my guns, kept the wild-eyed natives together as we pulled up to see the huts of the Leopard men through a thick leafy veil of jungle. My terrified canoe men flung themselves face downward in the mud of the river bank, and mumbling voodoo protection onts, would not stir. "Come Ntuko, let them stay there, you come with me," I announced, and we started towards the circle of low huts.

"No man," my headman pointed apprehensively, there was not a soul in sight as we stepped into the clearing. I knew eyes would be peering at me from every dark opening in the huts, but I continued my advance. Years amongst un-

civilized natives of different countries had taught me one thing, never show fear, even if you're scared out of your boots. It gives a fellow the upper hand—more or less. I was pondering on the effect of my entrance into the village when suddenly it happened . . . They came from everywhere it seemed. I couldn't count them, they came in a rush, it was all over in a matter of seconds. I was hurled flat on my back, and with gleaming spears upraised, they stood menacingly over me . . . and it was only me. Ntuko had done a disappearing act. I didn't see him get away in the wild scramble, he had gone, deserted me.

Blacks were pouring into the nearby jungle hot on his trail. I didn't blame him, I wished him luck, hoping he could elude his pursuers. God knows I didn't want anyone to share a fate that looked like mine, at the hands of these fiends. Above me I could see the ebony figures of my captives. These were the hated Leopard Men. Every warrior affected a spotted clout of the jungle cat fur, and their evil eyes were beyond description. I stared at what appeared to be their medicine man or witch doctor. He was older than any living man I had ever seen. Bloodshot beady eyes regarded my prostrate form with a strange malevolent glare, his gums revealed in a toothless sneer. Hung about the creature were the tricks of his nefarious trade, devil magic, voodoo or what you choose to call it, nevertheless these medicine men held a potent power over the natives in almost every tribe. This one, as he finally finished his inspection, snapped some unintelligible command, and I felt it in the force of several sharp spear points prodding my tortured flesh. I understood the action if not

the dialect. "Hold it pappy, I'm getting up" I managed to grin as I was unceremoniously pushed up and forward.

Jabbering excitedly, the warriors sent me painfully along while I tried to evade the bristling menace of their weapons. Leading me staggering towards the doorway of the largest hut, I was again knocked to the sunbaked earth. When I lifted my eyes, I saw framed in the doorway a white man . . . it was Cliff! "You Cliff!" . . . You? Where?" . . . That was all I gasped in my amazement as my old friend and college chum began to raise his arms in a signal that commanded the rapt attention of my captors, who dropped instantly to their knees, touching sweat-lined foreheads to the ground. "Something's screwy here, or am I?" I thought puzzled. In a language I knew to be that of the tribe, Cliff Owen, Geologist, my buddy, the man I had spent fruitless months combing these fever-ridden jungles in a mad hope of finding, was conversing with this feared gathering of Africa's most ruthless cult . . . the brotherhood of the Leopard. It was uncanny, a chill of ice coursed my spine as I heard and witnessed the unbelievable spectacle.

Was it possible he had set himself up here in this forsaken village of savages as their leader, but how? . . . They had captured me, another white man, what was the answer? Anyway I had found him, but . . . "He doesn't recognize me, something's wrong, all wrong," I thought, and aloud I ventured as he finished his piece . . . "Cliff, it's me . . . Rogers . . . what's happened to you? Call off your bull-dogs, man" . . . That was as far as I got . . . A command from Cliff brought the flat of a spear towards my head, it swished dangerously close. I ducked and stared unbelievably at my one-time colleague.



At another word from him I was caught up bodily and carried by the blacks towards the centre of the compound. Here they lashed me to a post with leather thongs, until I almost shouted aloud with the cutting pain. Without another word they left me, leaving a giant negro standing guard nearby. Cliff had disappeared with the witch doctor and, I knew, that a council was being held to decide my fate . . .

Night was not far off . . . I was glad for the sun's weaker rays. A day in the full merciless sun, hatless and bound as I was, would drive a man "heat crazy." I tried to figure what would happen as I awaited my fate and the warriors' return. The night would bring them prowling like their namesakes, the jungle cats. The death was so horrible . . . clawed to death, there couldn't be anything worse . . . Sweating at the pictures flashing through my mind, I tried to calm my jittery nerves. "It can't be . . . Cliff won't do that, he's a white man, not a blood-thirsty savage, he knows me,—that's it!" Suddenly the whole thing became clear. "he recognized me and wouldn't give it away, the witch doctor would have noticed, he's playing for time" . . . I felt decidedly relieved now, and wondered how we would escape those madmen when the time came, and what Cliff was cooking up to get us safely away from the accursed place . . . I wondered too if poor Ntuko had managed to give them the slip, there was no doubt that my canoe-men had made themselves scarce at the first rush, probably before, they would be miles down the river by now, paddling like demons possessed.



A great bulbous African moon rose suddenly above the trees and spread its unearthly radiance over the village huts and clearing. I heard voices, growing closer, then I saw the pack of devils! . . . In the weird moonlight, clothed from head to foot in spotted leopard skins, they looked all too much like the real thing. At the head of the approaching horde, Cliff, his white skin, even though bronzed by years spent in the sun, stood out in sharp contrast as he led them towards the spot where I waited tense and anxious. In his shadow, trotting like a playful cat, the witch doctor uttered fearful words of magic and gyrated gleefully in lustful anticipation. Nearer, I saw that each black wore long claws of the jungle cats, these to rake and mutilate the victim . . . and I was it!

Cliff's eyes would not meet mine for an instant of recognition, but seemed to stare blankly ahead. I spoke to him . . . time was precious now—"Cliff, what will we do, these lunatics won't wait, what are our chances of getting out?" But he didn't hear me, or pretended he didn't. Looking almost like one of them, he was within a few feet of me. I noticed his eyes, they burned with same fanatical evil light that filled those encircling devotees of death. I yelled then, "Cliff, it's me, don't you know you're old friend Rogers?"

He closed in, I thought for one instant he was going to whisper to me . . . to say my name, cut my bonds, make a break for it. Behind him, the crowd surged closer. He stood poised, and to my utter horror he raised his muscular arms, revealing razor sharp claws, attached to his fingers, and with an expression of malevolent hatred, cried triumphantly as he raked my shirt off in one awful motion. Horrified, I was cruelly and securely hold by the bonds. "Your mad, man, insane!" I shrieked in his leering face. "Get it over with, for God's sake and stop playing cat and mouse." I straightened to take it. In that instant I knew the awful truth, he was mad . . . Clifford Owen, once brilliant geologist, my real friend and partner . . . His arms were raised again, this time the searing claws would find my bare chest, and to the mob behind this would be the signal to rush in and finish the job.

I waited, an eternity it seemed. Cliff, or the thing before me that was not a man, paused to gather force. I could feel death coming . . . Like a thunderbolt tearing the air, a deafening shot rang above the clamour. Someone screamed. It was the mummy-faced witch doctor behind Owen. Clutching madly at his stomach, he spun around, blood gushed from a bullet wound in his abdomen as he fell forward on his face . . . dead!



Silence hung over the startled tribe. I didn't know who had sent the shot, but in another instant my startled gaze was pulled back to Owen. He was swaying strangely, wild-eyed, gasping for breath and then with a moan he fell limply at my feet.

The next few minutes were breathless ones. I thought Cliff Owen had also stopped a bullet from the mysterious gun. The Leopard men dropped fearfully to their knees peering into the shadows. From the jungle a figure strode bravely into the moonlight. "Ntuko! YOU!" In his big hand he carried my automatic, quickly he stepped to my side and severed the thongs, freeing me. "They 'fraid big magic," he whispered. "You shot the witch doctor?" I laughed unbelievably. "They 'fraid Bwana's fire stick." Behind us, a groan escaped Owen and I bent anxiously down to find him breathing, his eyes opened and the fallen man looked full at me, "Rogers, what . . . what's happened . . . where am I . . . how?" He gasped clutching my arm. "How did you find me?"

. . . Ahead the sluggish river twisted towards civilization, we had been travelling non-stop for two days in the stolen canoe. "It won't be long now Rog." Cliff panted happily, as he eased up on his paddle. "Sure will be glad to see white faces and civilization again," he grinned. The village and terror of the Leopard cult lay far behind us now, we were pretty sure they would not follow. They didn't attempt to stop us as I carried Owen to the river and pushed off with Ntuko's help in one of their canoes. On the way, I got the story pieced together as we fled the nightmare of that unforgettable night.

. . . Travelling into the interior, when first he arrived, Cliff had been deserted on the border of the district that was

shunned as the haunt of the dreaded Leopard cult. Stubbornly, without his canoe, Cliff pushed on. The catmen had found him a fever-ridden wreck, wandering aimlessly. He remembered their drums, throbbing into his dull senses and the mummy-like witch doctor who nursed him back to life. Then he seemed to lose time itself. "The beggar had me hypnotized or something, I know it now," Cliff swore. Then there were times, he said, when he did remember who he was and tried to escape, but always there came the sleep of forgetfulness when the evil witch doctor appeared. "You were perhaps the first 'white' they had ever seen, and that old fox used you to work up his power over the tribe, made you King and then used you for a stooge . . . a tool in his hands, by some strange hypnotic force." I was glad to see Cliff his old self again, for I remembered the night when he might have taken my life, unknowingly.

Ntuko, that big good-natured black, we both owed him our lives, sat taking us nearer to freedom. His escape, and faith in my "fire stick" had done it. I recalled, "When Ntuko picked off the old devil, he broke the hold he had on you Cliff, it was then that you recognized who I was," Cliff Owen shuddered visibly and said: "Another minute and it would have been too late. That black of yours hit the bull's eye, when he plugged the witch doctor . . . Hey, let's quit this talk Rogers, I can still hear those cursed drums, let's get out of this place, or I'll be seeing SPOTS before my eyes!"

THE END



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WRITE **PLAINLY**



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CAN YOU NUMBER THEM PROPERLY?



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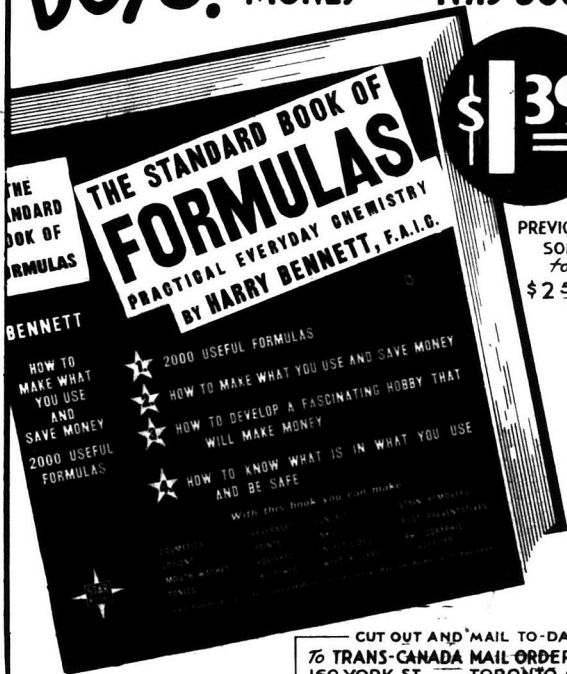
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DRUG STORE



"YOU WOULD HAVE YOUR GAS RATION COUPONS USED UP A TIME LIKE THIS!"



"JOHN DID YOU LEAVE THE WATER RUNNING IN THE BATHROOM AGAIN?"

TANK FACTORY



"BOY! OH, BOY! OH BOY!"

NIK

"THERE'S A FLOCK OF CATFISH DOWN THERE!"



OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

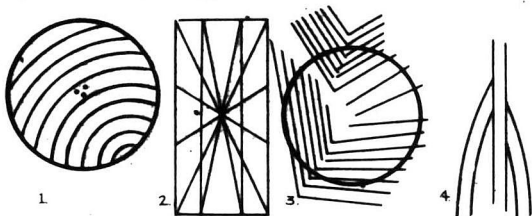


FIG. 1. ONE OF THE DOTS IS PLACED IN THE CENTRE OF THE CIRCLE, THE QUESTION IS WHICH ONE. THE LOWEST ONE IS OBVIOUSLY SOME LITTLE WAY BELOW CENTRE. YOU CAN SEE THAT AT A GLANCE NEVERTHELESS, IT IS THE CENTRE ONE.

FIG. 2. IS A RECTANGLE SMOTHERED WITH RADIAL LINES. CLOSE TO THE CENTRE ARE TWO VERTICAL LINES WHICH BULGE IN THE MIDDLE. BUT THE FACT IS THEY DON'T. THEY ARE EQUIDISTANT FROM TOP TO BOTTOM.

FIG. 3. IS A SORT OF CIRCLE WHICH AT FIRST GLANCE SEEMS TO BE BROKEN AT A NUMBER OF POINTS. CLOSER EXAMINATION SHOWS THAT THIS IS AN OPTICAL DELUSION AND THAT IT IS LINE-BROKEN AND OF UNIFORM THICKNESS THROUGHOUT BUT AFTER HAVING A GOOD LOOK AT IT, DECIDE THE ONE DRAWN IS FLATTENED HERE & THERE, BUT IS IT? CHECK WITH A COMPASS AND YOU WILL SEE IT IS A PERFECT CIRCLE. THE FATTENING DOESN'T EXIST.

FIG. 4. IS AN ARCH, IN WHICH ONE SIDE SEEMS TO HAVE SLIPPED DOWN. IF YOU WERE TO TAKE AWAY THE VERTICAL BAND YOU WOULD SEE THAT THE RIGHT SIDE COULD BE CONTINUED TO THE LEFT. THE ARCH WOULD THEN BE PERFECT.



A STORY
OF THE
WESTERN RANGE -

THE
CAPTURE
OF
"GREY OWL."

STORY
AND
ILLUSTRATIONS

BY:

Rene L. Hulback.





WELL "TANG", WE'VE GOT TO WARN THESE PIONEERS, IT'S UP TO US.

SON, IF YOU KIN WARN 'EM WHITE FOLKS, THEY'LL SURE GIVE "GREY OWL" A MIGHTY HOT WELCOME - YE GOT TO TAKE TH' NARROW PASS O'ER 'RED ROCK RIDGE. GOOD LUCK AN' BLESS YE, BOY!

THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE!



HOOFMARKS, THREE UNSHOED PONIES, MUST BE SOME REDSKINS, - THEY'VE PASSED ABOUT HALF AN HOUR AGO!

NO SIGN OF THESE RED DEVILS, LET'S HOPE WE GET THROUGH WITHOUT TROUBLE. WONDER IF THE SCOUTS HAVE SEEN ME, - THE LIGHT IS SO STRONG, IT BLINDS ME - FUNNY, IT'S TOO QUIET TO BE RIGHT. -



UH-H, PALEFACE!

RIDING THROUGH THE PASS, BUDDY DOES NOT SEE THE ROPE SPREAD OUT ON THE GROUND.



SUDDENLY A ROPE COILS ITSELF AROUND "TANG'S" FEET.



WITH A SUDDEN JERK, "TANG" CRASHES IN A SOMERSAULT TO THE GROUND TROWING BUDDY FLYING THROUGH THE AIR, ON TO THE ROCKS.



SO, THAT'S WHAT IT WAS, MUST HAVE BEEN THE THREE SCOUTS, AND THERE IS "TANG," THAT'S SOME LUCK-WONDER HOW MUCH TIME I'VE LOST?

COMING TO HIS SENSES, HE FINDS HIMSELF BOUND HAND AND FOOT, NEAR AN INDIAN CAMP.



WHEN THE SUN COMES UP NEXT DAY, PALEFACE WILL DIE A SLOW DEATH!

A WEIRD DEATH-CHANT IS BEING SONG BY THE DANCING MEDICINE-MAN.



TWO SENTRIES ARE KNOCKED TO THE GROUND IN THE BOY'S MAD FLIGHT.



WILD FURY GRIPS GREY OWL WHEN HE SEES BUDDY'S ESCAPE AS HE COMMANDS HIS WARRIORS TO PURSUE THE DARING YOUTH.

OUR ONLY CHANCE -
THE MANITOU ROCK!
HERE GOES -



THROUGH SPACE IN A
TREMENDOUS LEAP, FLIES "TANG"
CARRYING BUDDY TO SAFETY.
WILD HOWLS OF FEAR AND
DISAPPOINTMENT FOLLOW
THEM WHEN THE INDIANS
SEE THEIR PRIZE
VANISH.



IN THE
WILD RUSH
TO CAPTURE
BUDDY, ONE
OF THE

BRAVE'S IS CARRIED BY HIS
PONY OVER THE CLIFF'S EDGE
TO DEATH ON THE SHARP
ROCKS BELOW.

GOOD BOY "TANG"!
NOW TO WARN THE
SETTLERS.



REACHING SAFETY, BUDDY
DRIVES "TANG" IN HIS MAD
RACE WITH TIME.

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE
MADE IT, BOY!



AT LAST THE
SETTLEMENT LOOMS AHEAD.

GREY OWL AND THE RED
VARMINTS ARE COMING, I'LL
GET HELP FROM THE
FORT—
HURRY!



THANKS, SON!



THEM DIRTY DOGS,
WE'LL SHOW 'EM!




QUICKLY THE SETTLERS BUILD
SOME BARRICADES TO KEEP OFF
THE ATTACKERS.

WE'VE JUST GOT TO
REACH THE
FORT!




"TANG" RACES ON!




THIS IS MY PLEDGE -
THE PALEFACES SHALL PERISH
AND DIE AND THEIR BLOOD PAINT
THE EARTH RED! FOLLOW ME -
GREY OWL HAS SPOKEN!

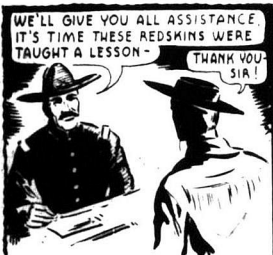
THE
INDIAN
CHIEF
ADDRESSES HIS WARRIORS.



SMEARED WITH PAINT,
THE WARPARTY
SETS OUT.



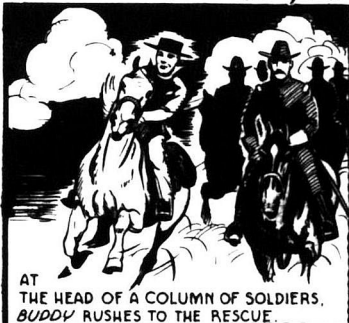
REACHING THE FORT, BUDDY
DEMANDS TO SEE THE OFFICER
IN CHARGE.



WE'LL GIVE YOU ALL ASSISTANCE.
IT'S TIME THESE REDSKINS WERE
TAUGHT A LESSON -

THANK YOU
SIR!

BUDDY TELLS OF THE PERIL
THE PIONEERS ARE IN.



AT THE HEAD OF A COLUMN OF SOLDIERS, BUDDY RUSHES TO THE RESCUE.



GREY OWL GIVES LAST INSTRUCTIONS.



WITH BLOODCURDLING WARCRIES THE INDIANS ENCIRCLE THE BARRICADES.



A DEADLY FIRE MEETS THE ONRUSHING SAVAGES.



THE FIRST BURNING ARROW IS SHOT- AT THE WOODEN BLOCKHOUSES.

SOON CLOUDS OF SMOKE, BROKEN BY FLAMES
LICKING SKYWARD, SPREAD OVER THE ONCE PEACEFUL
SETTLEMENT.



A FIERCE HAND TO HAND FIGHT
BEGINS.



THE HOT BATTLE RAGES-WHITE
MEN AGAINST REDSKINS.



LIKE A WAVE OF THUNDER
COMES THE CAVALRY
ATTACK UPON THE
UNSUSPECTING INDIANS.
AS THE SEASONED
SOLDIER DRIVE THEIR
HORSES TO THE LIMIT.

AT LAST I SEE MY INVISIBLE CAPTOR!



IT'S THE ESCAPED PALEFACE!



IN THE ENSUING MASSACRE AND CONFUSION BUDDY CHARGES DOWN UPON GREY OWL, TAKING THE CHIEF OF THE BLACK-FEET BY SURPRISE.

I'VE COME TO GET YOU, GREY OWL!



THROUGH THE TERRIFIC IMPACT OF THE TWO HORSES, BOTH, CHIEF AND HIS MUSTANG, ARE THROWN TO THE GROUND, BUDDY LEAPING AT



THE SAME MOMENT AT GREY OWL!

NOW YOU SHALL DIE
SOONER THAN I
THOUGHT YOU
WOULD!



IN THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE AND
DEATH, THE INDIAN MANAGES TO GET
BUDDY TO THE GROUND.



THAT INSTANT BUDDY'S RIGHT
SMASHES WITH TERRIFIC FORCE
TO THE POINT OF GRAY OWL'S JAW!

THAT WAS A CLOSE
SHAVE!



THE STUNNED REDSKIN SAGS TO THE
GROUND UNCONSCIOUS.

TAKE THAT!



BELIEVING THEIR CHIEF TO BE DEAD, THE REMAINING BAND OF WARRIORS
BREAK IN WILD FLIGHT, PURSUED BY THE HARD-HITTING CAVALRY.

AFTER THE BATTLE -

GREY OWL, I DON'T WANT YOUR LIFE!
PROMISE TO GO TO YOUR WIGWAM AND
KEEP PEACE. LET US BE ME
FRIENDS AND NOT FOES! PROMISE.



GREY OWL WILL NOT FORGET
BRAVE HEART- I BURY THE
WAR-LANCE



THE CHIEF OF THE BLACKFEET
BURIES HIS WAR-LANCE, WHIRLS
HIS PONY AND RIDES OFF TO THE HILLS

WELL, SON, WE CERTAINLY
GOT TO THANK YE FOR WHAT
YOU'VE DONE FER US!



SO LONG FRIENDS!



AND AGAIN
"TANG"
CARRIES BUDDY TO NEW ADVENTURES.

WHAT WILL
BUDDY'S &
TANG'S
NEXT
ADVENTURE
BE
?

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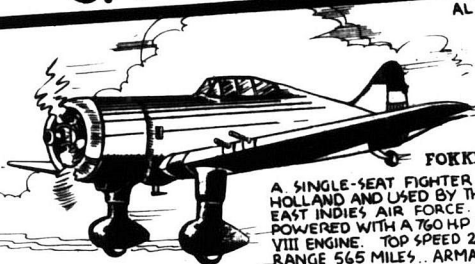


"MY DEAR MAN, NO NEED FOR THAT —
ANAESTHETIC IS MUCH QUICKER THAN
COUNTING SHEEP!"

FIGHTING PLANES

"OF A WORLDAT WAR"

AL Cooper

**FOKKER D.21**

A SINGLE-SEAT FIGHTER BUILT IN HOLLAND AND USED BY THE NETHERLAND EAST INDIES AIR FORCE. POWERED WITH A 760 HP BRISTOL MERCURY VIII ENGINE. TOP SPEED 270 MILES P.H. RANGE 565 MILES... ARMAMENT CONSISTS OF ONE 20m/m CANNON FIRING GUN.

**GRUMMAN (NAVY)**

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**I.5.**

A SINGLE-SEAT FIGHTER USED BY THE RUSSIAN PURSUIT SQUADRONS. THEY ARE POWERED WITH A GNOME-RHONE "JUPITER" ENGINE OF 480 H.P. TOP SPEED 173 M.P.H. RANGE 340 MILES

YE EDITOR DIGGING HIMSELF OUT OF THE ENTRIES IN THE popularity contest with

THE
WINNAHS!

THAT
MUST BE
THEY!

FIRST PRIZE - BOY'S BICYCLE...
NATHAN BOGOCH,
316 ST. JOHN'S AVE.,
WINNIDEG, MAN.



SECOND PRIZE - GIRL'S WRIST-WATCH...
MARY LYCHECK
79 ONTARIO ST.,
PORT ARTHUR, ONT.



THIRD PRIZE - FOUNTAIN PEN AND
PENCIL SET...
SANDY HAY,
BOX 337,
COCHRANE, ONT.



CHAMFORD

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MARGARET THOMPSON, TORONTO, ONT.
AILEEN CHEVIER, SAULT ST. MARIE, ONT.
ANN PITT, WESTMOUNT, PQ.
GEO. KOPCECHENA, THE PAS, MAN.

AEROPLANE KITS

HARRY STRICKLAND, TORONTO, ONT.
GERALD HENDERSON, CHATAM HEAD, N.B.
DAVID SMITH, NORTH SYDNEY, N.S.
ROBERT PITTS, DAWSON CREEK, B.C.

FOUNTAIN PENS

STEVE RALKO, MISTATIM, SASK.
HOWARD WILKIE, VERDUN, P.Q.
SELINA SMITH, KOKSILAH, B.C.
PAULETTA DUPAS, LA BROQUERIE, MAN.
MURIEL RICK, ST. THOMAS, ONT.

CONSOLATION PRIZE-WINNERS

AUTOGRAPHED ORIGINAL PAGE OF
"JEFF MARRING, KING OF THE AMAZON"
DRAWN & AUTOGRAPHED BY: **TRACY**

RITA MESSIER, HALTYRE, ONT.
RAYMOND, FORBES, WINNIPEG, MAN.
JIM Mc CRACKAN, TORONTO, ONT.
IHOR CHORNEYKO, PORKUPINE
PLAIN, SASK.
GERALD MORPAW, CORNWALL, ONT.
WAYNE DOWN, ARTHUR, ONT.

FOUNTAIN PENS (CONT'D)

MYRTH JEAN DUFF, MONCTON, N.B.
LOIS KERR, GLACE BAY, CAPE BRETON, N.S.
JEAN PURICH, CHAPLEAU, ONT.
LILLIAN DUFRESNE, HIGH PRAIRIE, ALTA.
MARIE GRACE, MOOSEJAW, SASK.

SOFT BALL BATS

DON McMILLAN, CLAREMONT, ST. THORALD
HERBERT THORSTEINSON, WINNIPEG, MAN.
WALTER LANG, TORONTO, ONT. (N.S.)
FRANKIE LOVELL, FLORENCE, CAPE BRETON
MELVIN PERKINS, CORNWALL, ONT.
CLIFFORD CUMMINGS, SYDNEY, N.S.
CARL ESTABROOKS, CHAPLEAU, ONT.
DALE HIBBARD, GRAND MERE, QUE.
DONALD RAE, SAULT ST. MARIE, ONT.
CLIFFORD HARRIS, HALIFAX, N.S.

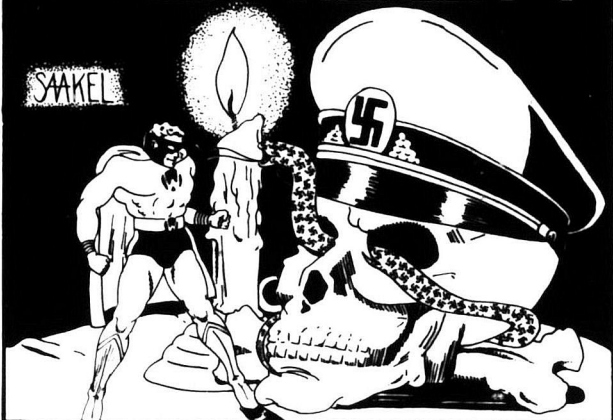
SOFT BALLS DONALD McKEE,
MELVILLE, SASK.
ROLAND ROBERGE, HULL, QUE.
ROSEMARY GRAVINA, MONTREAL, PQ.
NANETTE MAXWELL, SCARBORO BLUFFS,
ONT.

FRED MALONE, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.
RICHARD McLEOD, SHAUGHNESSY,
MARGARITE HERBERT, VANCOUVER, B.C. (ALTA.)
DOROTHY, H. REACH, NOKOMIS, SASK.
W. PASSNICK, SARSON, MINE, ONT.
DOUGLAS GIBBONS, ST. JOHN, N.B.
LARRY, LAMON, WINDSOR, ONT.
ANITA MAJOR, OSSLO, ONT.
REJEANNE BENARD, TEMISKAMING, PQ.
JAMES WILKIE, VERDUN, QUE.
MAURICE BYFORD, MOOSEJAW, SASK.

See "BURST THE MAIL BAG" OF THIS ISSUE FOR CASH PRIZES!

Capt. WONDER

SAAKEL



DR. RANTING, ONE OF CANADA'S MOST EMINENT SCIENTISTS, TRUDGES WEARILY HOME ALONG THE WATER FRONT WHEN HE IS CONFRONTED BY A SINISTER FIGURE THAT EMERGES FROM THE SURROUNDING SHADOWS.



DR. RANTING, IT IS MY DUTY TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE!

WHAT-



A USELESS GESTURE, FOOL! IN A FEW SECONDS YOU WILL BE BLOWN TO YOUR MAKER!



AND THEN THERE IS AN EAR-SHATTERING EXPLOSION...IT IS AS IF ALL HADES HAD BEEN TURNED LOOSE



THE NEXT DAY AT THE RESIDENCE OF BOB VICTOR, YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.

DR. RANTING IS THE FIFTH EMINENT SCIENTIST TO DIE IN AS MANY DAYS. ALL FIVE HAVE SUFFERED THE SAME VIOLENT DEATH..... POLICE ADMIT THEY ARE BAFLED.....NO CLUES.....



HMMM.....FIVE OF CANADA'S MOST PROMINENT FIGURES HAVE DIED IN MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSIONS—MEN WHO WERE VITAL TO OUR WAR EFFORT—



ALL THE DEATHS OCCURRED IN THE THOUSAND ISLAND DISTRICT, SO THAT IS THE LOGICAL SPOT FOR AN INVESTIGATION.



BOB REMOVES HIS OUTER GARMENTS, REVEALING HIS CAPT. WONDER COSTUME HIDDEN BENEATH.

PRECARIOUSLY BALANCED ON HIS APARTMENT WINDOW, CAPT. WONDER GLANCES WARILY ABOUT FOR PRYING EYES, THEN LEAPS OFF INTO SHEER SPACE.



MEANWHILE, IN AN OBSCURE LITTLE INLAND COVE ON ONE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.



THE BRINE-WASHED, SINISTER FORM OF NAZI SUBMARINE BRAZENLY BREAKS SURFACE WITHIN THE DARKENED SHORELINE.



I VELCOME YOU TO DER "LEGION
OF LIVING BOMBS." COME, I VILL
SHOW YOU AROUND DA ISLAND
UND AQUAINT YOU MITT YOUR
DUTIES!

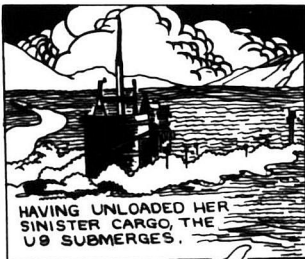


HEIL HITLER!
OUR LIVES ARE OUR LEADERS
TO DO WITH AS HE WISHES!
HEIL! HEIL! HEIL!



GOODBYE, STORHM!

GOODBYE, STOHL!
YOU VILL YET SAIL
A CONQUERED ST.
LAWRENCE RIVER
MITOUT FEAR OF
MOLESTATION!



HAVING UNLOADED HER
SINISTER CARGO, THE
U9 SUBMERGES.

CAPT. WONDER ARRIVES JUST IN
TIME TO WITNESS THE SUBMARINE'S
DEPARTURE.

WHAT'S THIS?
A NAZI
U-BOAT IN
CANADIAN
WATERS!!



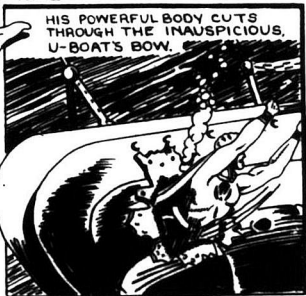
DOWNWARD HE SWIFTLY
PLUNGES, TOWARDS
THE SWIRLING
RIVER BELOW



INTO THE DARK, FORBIDDING
WATERS STREAKS THE
MIGHTY CAPT. WONDER



HIS POWERFUL BODY CUTS
THROUGH THE INAUSPICIOUS,
U-BOAT'S BOW.



INSIDE THE STRICKEN SUB, THE NAZI
CREW MEMBERS BATTLE DESPERATELY
TO STOP THE INRUSHING WATER,
BUT THEIR EFFORTS ARE USELESS



THE U9 FLOATS DOWN INTO THE MURKY
DEPTHS. "DAVY JONES" CLAIMS MORE
VICTIMS FOR HIS WATERY GRAVE.



THAT'S ONE
LESS TIN-
FISH OUR
SAILORS HAVE
TO WORRY
ABOUT!

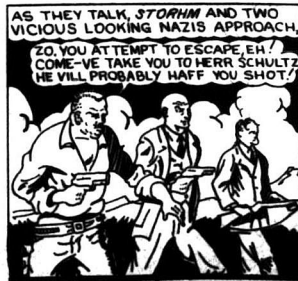


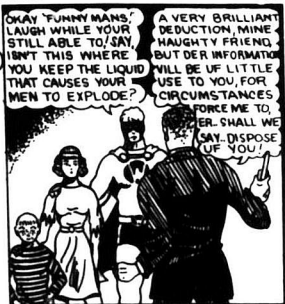
I WONDER IF THESE NAZIS ARE
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE KILLINGS,
DURING THE LAST WEEK?

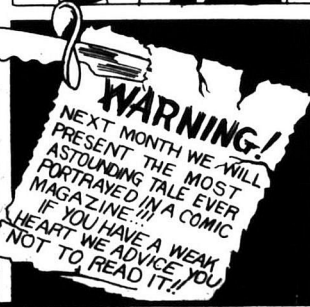


WITH POWERFUL STROKES, CAPT. WONDER REACHES SHORE, AND CALMLY SURVEYS HIS SURROUNDINGS.









The end



"I TELL YA SARGE, THIS NEW ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN IS TOO POWERFUL, THIS IS THE SECOND ONE I'VE BROUGHT DOWN TO-DAY!"

✓ **JOHNNY CAN'ICK...**

CANADA'S ANSWER TO ADOLF HITLER—
SMASHES NAZIS IN GERMANY...

✓ **KENNETH "SCOTTY" Mc DONALD...**

ACE BRITISH R.A.F. PILOT WHO FIGHTS
AND OUT FLYS THE LITTLE BROWN MEN...

✓ **WILD BILL...**

URNS THE
TABLES ON
DIRK LATROL
AND RETURNS
AS SHERIFF
OF REDWOOD

✓ **Rex
Baxter**
and the
**ISLAND
of DOOM**

✓ **CONTEST**
for
**FREE CASH
PRIZES...**

10¢

NO. 5

ACTION - ADVENTURE - SCIENCE

DIME COMICS

COLONIAL
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"McDonald
Good's
SUPER SERIAL"

**Rex
Baxter**
and the
**ISLAND
of DOOM**



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Rex Baxter's
"ADVENTURERS CLUB"!**

ON SALE NOW AT ANY NEWSTAND.



**DON'T FORGET TO TAKE ALONG
YOUR FAVOURITE COMIC BOOKS!**

DIME COMICS

FEATURING "REX BAXTER",
"JOHNNY CANUCK",
"WILD BILL" AND "SCOTTY
MACDONALD"

WOW COMICS

FEATURING "DART DARING",
"JEFF WARING", "CRASH
CARSON" AND "WHIZ
WALLACE"

ACTIVE COMICS

FEATURING "THUNDERFIST",
"DIXON OF THE MOUNTED",
"CAPT. RED THORNTON",
AND "THE BRAIN"

JOKE COMICS

FEATURING "THE
THREE T'S", "COL
BRAGGART" AND
"LUCKY" WITH CONTESTS
AND ILLUSTRATED
CARTOONS

Triumph comics

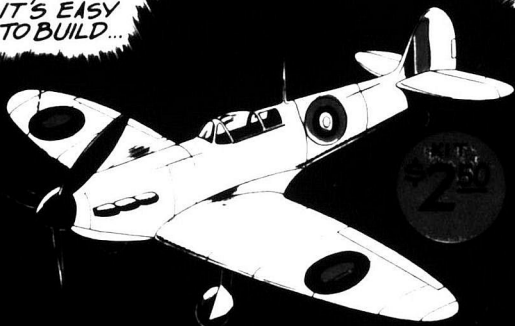
FEATURING "NELVANA
OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS",
"CAPT. WONDER", "TANG"
AND "SPEED SAVAGE"



**ALWAYS LOOK
FOR THIS
TRADE MARK**

SUPERB 50" FLYING MODEL BRITAIN'S FAMOUS FIGHTER

*IT'S EASY
TO BUILD...*



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THE 'SUPERMARINE SPITFIRE' IS ENGLAND'S FIRST PRIZE PLANE. IT HAS A SPEED OF 367 M.P.H., 37' WING SPREAD AND WEIGHS 5,500 LBS. IT IS POWERED BY A 990 H.P. MERLIN MOTOR, AND ARMED WITH 8 BROWNING'S

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*This
'SKYWAY'*
UTILITY
MODEL
WORKING KNIFE
SENT **FREE**
WITH EACH
MODEL KIT /



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SPITFIRE AEROPLANE KIT COMPLETE \$250.
EXPRESS COLLECT ALSO THE **FREE**
SKYWAY UTILITY KNIFE

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STREET _____
TOWN _____ PROV. _____